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LATIN VERSE
MEMORIALS

ULTOR EGO



LATIN VERSE MEMORIALS.

LATIN VERSE MEMORIALS.



LATIN VERSE MEMORIALS

OF

SCHOOL WORK AND SCHOOL PLAY.

J. R. M.

BY

ULTOR EGO,

ARTIUM—AC LUDI—MAGISTER.



LONDON:

BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1868.

300. f. 11.



MUNUSCULA DISCIPULIS,
PAUCULAS HASCE SCRINII SUI OFFICINALIS
QUISQUILIAS,
INTER SPIRAMENTA TEMPORUM AC LABORIS
PER ANNOS VIGINTI FERE QUINQUE CONFLATAS,
ATQUE NUNC PRIMUM CONQUISITAS CORRASASQUE,
(QUÆ QUIDEM POTIUS FORTASSE "EMENDATURIS"
ERANT "IGNIBUS" TRADENDÆ,)
IN MEMORIAM SUI
JAMJAM LOCO CESSURUS OTIUMQUE PETITURUS
BENIGNISSIME LEGAT
ARCHIDIDASCALUS
E G O.

PREFACE.

THESE memorials, originally composed as a relief from graver occupations, at odd moments, and for the most part at long intervals, without the remotest thought of publication, were subsequently collected "*ex situ chartei pulveris*," and transcribed, with the design of rendering them accessible to those pupils of the grammar-school who are still locally associated with its traditions. It has been thought, however, that if presented in a more durable and tangible form, they might be found to diffuse wider circles of interest, and possibly to awaken the sympathies, and add a few grains to the experience of other schools and other teachers.

In opposition to the cuckoo-cry which rolls so glibly off the tongue of the idle, the uninitiated, and the incompetent, in depreciation of the art of Latin verse-making, the author would fain raise his humble protest ; and if so be that aught which he can say or do might contribute a few drops of aliment to the languishing flame of its present fitful, struggling life, he cannot contentedly allow his pen to be otiose, or his tongue silent. He would wish, if possible, to strengthen the hands, and corroborate the testimony of other grammar-school masters by avowing his conviction that the composition

of Latin verse, even in its initiatory processes, is a most valuable instrument of mental discipline. The veriest tyro in the art is 'pro tanto' benefited, as in geometrical studies, by the rigid demand of accuracy which it imposes; the necessity involved in it of bringing every word to the test of artificial rules; while at the same time, as in some of the exacter departments of school-work, it offers the means of self-verification. In the rudimentary stage of the art, otherwise than in the '*oratio soluta*' of prose, the Aristotelian maxim applies in full force—"truth is simple, error manifold;" and few persons who have had to do with boys can fail to be aware of the vivid sense of enjoyment which they experience, when, after an obstinate conflict with some seemingly insuperable difficulty, they at last realize the consciousness of having surmounted it. On the other hand, in prose composition the maxim is only partially applicable. Ofttimes there is a diversity of ways in which the same sentiment may be expressed with almost equal precision and elegance; and the blunders to which he is liable being so much less obvious to the eye and ear than in a metrical arrangement of words, the boy can never feel quite sure that he has performed his task to his own and his master's satisfaction.

In the more advanced votaries of the art, it helps largely to develope refined sensibilities, a critical taste, a nice appreciation of beauty in style and felicity in expression; while it insensibly fosters, as it imperiously demands, an ever deepening and expanding familiarity with the models of antiquity. It further tends to educe and afford free scope for the faculties of imagination, comparison, and

judgment ; prompting its cultivators to utilize and arrange, to concentrate and apply, to assimilate and (*proprie communia*) to individualize the resources of memory and the products of taste : operations which, in special cases, it performs with a tact and an adroitness which while they invigorate intensely gratify the mind. In a word, it braces the muscles of the intellect, and by rendering what would otherwise remain in the memory an inert and chaotic mass instinct with life, imparts an animating interest to the studies of youth.

Not to dwell on the obvious use of verse composition as a help to the acquisition of language, resulting from the exhaustive efforts to meet the exigencies of taste and metre which it so often demands, one other advantage may be named as likely to have weight with objectors in the present day. As soon as the mechanical difficulty has been surmounted and a fondness for the pursuit developed—as soon, in short, as the art has become a hobby—the productions of our national muse are sought after with renewed avidity and read with a fresher and more appreciative interest : while if carefully studied, as they must needs be for the purposes of translation, to grasp their sense and transfuse their spirit, a much more intelligent handling of them is ensured than if taken up without any definite aim.

Other and weightier arguments in defence of the art as an instrument of education may have occurred to other teachers, and those which are here advanced may have been anticipated in other publications : the author, however, has had no opportunity of reading more than the titles of the various

essays and reviews which have lately appeared on either side of the question, and consequently his testimony, for all that it is worth, is the result, "pure and simple," of individual experience.

He will only add that in his special case the classical element in his school is overlaid by its popular and rudimentary requirements, and that in his whole career he has had but one pupil—two at most—that has ever advanced beyond the vestibule of the Classic Muse. He has consequently had little occasion himself to practise his hand, and the specimens put forth, he is well aware, possess very inferior merit to those which many other grammar-school masters might, if they pleased, extract from their portfolios or elaborate on their anvils. He is not without hope, however, that his humble effort may secure to him the merit of a "*cotis vice fungentis*," if he should fail to obtain that of an accomplished professor of the art.

T. R. M.

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[Some of the italicised words in the following lines indicate names which, it is presumed, the reader will at once either recognise or guess.]

ΟΙΜΩΓΜΑΤΑ.

Οἱμοι; οἱμοι. Ἑλεγεία; ξ, ξ.

“Facit indignatio versum.”

ASPICE, Melpomene, placido si lumine fas est,
Carmina (væ tergis!) nomine pacta tuo!
En puer ille nigrans, “Humilis” qui nomine gaudet,
Qui versus *humili* scilicet arte struit!
Alfredus en iuxta *Murus*, puer iste cachinnans,
Cui pudor accendit conscius usque genas!
(Haud sane talis Thebanas conditor arces
Conflavit cantu dulcisonaque lyra.)
Ecce iterum iuvenis qui (“versu dicere non est”)
Nomine *carbonem*, nec minus ore, refert!
Nec procul adsistens versus, quos ‘*shady*’ vocaris,
Umbrosus fingit; nomen imago rei;
Ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris,
Quem tamen haud puduit turpe patrasse melos.
Dic age, Melpomene;—pœnas de turpibus istis
Ausi qui numen sic temerare tuum,

Quas quantasque placet tibi me sumpsisse ministrum
 Ædituumque tuum? quas meruere rei?
 En, adsum Tortor tua iussa facessere promptus!
 Vindice dic alapa *dactylicosne* modos,
 An *pede* producto (paribus peccata rependens)
 Correptoque iterum, metra *trochæa* parem?
 Deficit hic cæsura! at *cæso* corpore plagæ
 Deficient? an non metricus *ictus* erit?
 Ni cito conficias placitura poemata, Mure,
 Tu cave ne plagis conficiare, puer.
 Quod Murum admonui, moneo vos, cetera turba,
 Debita quos læsi Numinis ira manet.
 Fors et Tisiphone, si rite vocabitur, ipsa
 Sæviet in fontes, concutietque metu:
 Horrisonis certe delicta flagrantia flagris
 Plectenda, et mæstis carmina *mæsta* modis.
 *Sedibus his sacris procul, o procul, este profani,
 Quas teneo Musæ præsul, et ULTOR, EGO.

* The concluding lines refer to a grotesque autographic pen-and-ink sketch of the Author seated *in Cathedra*, with the instrument of torture grasped sceptre-wise in his hand. His pupils, those at least who are personally concerned in the matter, will reproduce the picture from memory; to his exoteric readers it can be of no possible interest, and is accordingly left to their imagination.

ΟΙ ΜΟΙ ΜΑΛ' ΑΤΘΙΣ.

Οὐκ ἐς κόρακας;

VÆ mihi, doctores miseros mala quanta fatigant!
 Quot tulit *horrores tertia* quæque dies!
 O si vexatas Divus quis mulceat aures,
 Quæsitamque diu præbeat æquus opem!
 Audin, Melpomene, tuus hæc patiarne minister
 Quæ puer horrifero protulit iste sono?
 Huc ades, imberbis, quonam te nomine dicam?
 Huc ades, ora niger, nigricolorque comas.
 Quemne refers vultu, nomen cum dicere non sit,
 Talia qui *crocis*, credis et esse melos?
 Tene choro vatum annumerem, musæque ministris?
 Corvus es! et corvi fundis ab ore sonos.
 Ocius hinc sordes, alapamque hanc insuper aufer,
 Nec fœdent aures carmina fœda meas.
 Heus adsis quoque tu! quem dicam? quemve colorem?
 Fingis opus *luteum*, fers et in ore *lutum*.
 Verberibus fœdis fœde patrata rependes,
 Cede manum ferulæ, nec mora, cede manum.

ΠΑΡΑΜΥΘΙΑ.

AT mihi sollicito sunt nulla levamina curæ?
 Nullane Castalides pocula grata dabunt?
 Paucula grana salis nemone aspergat amaris,
 Meque dapes dignas Cecropidisque paret?
 En duo, par scitum, pueri, dulcedine nostram
 Qui recreant mentem cordaque fessa levant!
 Tu, puer, arte tua ptisanam mihi confice *oryzæ*,
 Audin? et huic quantum sufficit adde salis.
 Tu quoque, qua calles, versus *excude* canoros
 Arte, Faber; vocis ludit imago *fabrum*.
 Quod genus hoc animal capiti cui *testa superstat*?
 Quale caput versus—carmina *dura* facit.
 En alius iuxta, nomen cui parte *caverna*,
 Pars, veluti versus, horrida *bella* sonat.
 Illis sint blandæ voces sua præmia laudis,
 His alapæ resonet plaga iterata genis.

ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙΓΜΑΤΑ.

CONSCIENCE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

(1560—1595.)

MY conscience is my crown ;
 Contented thoughts my rest ;
 My heart is happy in itself ;
 My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth ;
 A mean, the surest lot ;
 That lies too high for base contempt,
 Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
 All easy to fulfil :
 I make the limits of my power
 The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
 Which is of heavenly reign :
 Effects attained, or not desired,
 All lower hopes refrain.

[The Poems from which the following Translations are made, are with one exception contained in a volume of Selections published by the direction of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland. They are familiar to the scholars of the Grammar School, and associated, pleasantly or otherwise, with their earliest recollections.]

ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙΓΜΑΤΑ.

Hos EGO versiculos.

CONSCIA mens recti diademate tempora cingit;
 Sorte data læto fit mihi grata quies;
 Ipse sibi constans animus sua gaudia præbet;
 Lætitia semper pectora plena tument.
 Quod satis est, opibus splendet mihi gratius amplis;
 Quod medium, extremis tutius esse reor.
 Id me sortitum fastidia nulla remordent,
 Invidiosorum spicula nulla premunt.
 Non mihi multa precor; si sint optanda, labore
 Non opus est magno; quæ lubet ipse paro.
 Nil est in votis quod vires ferre recusent,
 Hac mihi præscripta lege, petenda sequor.
 Res mihi terrenæ sordent; spes absit inanis;
 Cœlicolas inter sceptrâ decora geram!
 Ampla mihi merces quæ jam sunt parta, nec opto
 Plura; super terras spes mihi condit opes.

I feel no care of coin,
 Well-doing is my wealth :
 My mind to me an empire is,
 While Grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage
 While fury's flame doth burn ;
 It is in vain to stop the stream,
 Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
 And ebbing wrath doth end,
 I turn a late enraged foe
 Into a quiet friend ;

And taught with often proof,
 A tempered calm I find
 To be most solace to itself,
 Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms
 Can cast my comforts down :
 When fortune smiles, I smile to think
 How quickly she will frown ;

And when in froward mood
 She moved an angry foe,
 Small gain I found to let her come ;
 Less loss to let her go.

Non inhio structis argenti parcus acervis,
Ipse mihi locuples, cui proba facta placent.
Dum præstat Dominus vires, animoque salutem,
Mens mihi contento regna perampla parat.
Cum sævit rabies iræ, nihil ipse repugno;
Viribus expletis fervida flamma cadit.
Præcipiti cursu cum torrens turbidus instat,
Expecto versis dum fluat æstus aquis.
At postquam flammæ vehemens deferbuit ardor,
Et refluus spumans unda recessit aquis,
Qui fuit infestus, subito fit blandus amicus;
Placato cordi gratia plena redit.
Sæpius hoc reperi; dat mens solatia constans;
Hæc tumidos motus composuisse valet.
Fortunæ me nulla movet mutabilis hora,
Si quatiat pennas, commoda nulla rapit.
Cum nitido vultu fallax affulserit, ipse
Me recreo reputans quam cito torva nigret.
Cumque proterva graves subito conceperit iras,
Hostilique minans protulit ora gradu,
Adveniente Dea, mihi commoda pauca reporto;
Decedente Dea, plura manere puto.

[It is suggested as a useful exercise, conducive to freedom of manipulation and variety of expression, to work up the same materials into different metres. It is besides an economical and agreeable way of using up the chips.]

IDEM.

INSIGNE recti conscia mens decus ;
 Pectus serenum summa quies mea ;
 Hoc fonte derivata manat
 Copia lætitiæ perennis.

Id fructuosum, quod satis, arbitror ;
 Expers pericli, quod medium loco ;
 Hac sorte gaudentem neque angit
 Os tumidum, neque lingua mordax.

Votis negatum nil modicis meis ;
 Quidquid petitur, protinus assequor ;
 Non me voluntas, sed potestas
 Impulit, et monuit petenda.

Sedes beatas cœlicolum ingredi,
 Hæc una spes est, unicus hic labor ;
 Vel parta, vel reiecta votis
 Spes alias cohibent inanes.

Me nulla vexat cura pecuniæ;
Virtutis artes divitiæ meæ;
Sum sorte regali beatus,
Si modo det Dominus salutem.

Iræ furentis flumine spumeo,
Dum sævit ardor, me procul abstraho;
Ægre refrenatur fluentum,
Ni refluus eat æstus undis.

At cum procellæ vis cadit ignea,
Mox et furoris defluit impetus,
Tum nuper infensum reduco
Callidus in placidum sodalem.

Quin, usus hoc me crebrior edocet,
Mens æqua, motus quæ nimios premit,
Ipsique lenimen ministrat,
Præcipitique medetur iræ.

Divæ dolosæ nil fuga me movet,
Mire serenus respicio vices,
Si blanda me vultum tuetur,
Nubila prospicio jocosus.

Et cum protervis moribus ingruens
Infensa telis me petiit suis,
Admota non lucro beavit
Nec nocuit mihi pes reversus.

A CONTENTED MIND.

BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

(1563—1618.)

I WEIGH not Fortune's frown or smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys ;
I seek not state, I reck not style,
I am not fond of fancy's toys.
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.
I quake not at the thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of war,
I swoon not at the news of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star.
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.
I see ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantals starved in store ;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see e'en Midas gape for more.
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough's a feast ; content is crowned.
I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great in show.
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low.
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A mind content, a conscience clear.

NIL mihi Fortunæ blandus, nil vultus acerbus ;
 Delicias terræ non mihi cura sequi.
 Res fictæ sordent ; nugas aspernor inanes ;
 Non mihi pompa placet, purpureusve nitor.
 Quæ mihi fors dederit, vel quæ sunt parta labore,
 Jam satis ampla reor, non mihi plura peto.
 Non me cœlestis crepitantia fulmina flammæ,
 Nec belli strepitus, cum tuba rauca sonat ;
 Non audita poli perterret fama ruentis,
 Nec rutila flagrans lucida stella coma.
 Non me spes lucri, me non dispendia turbant,
 Livida nec fastus pectora bile movet.
 Sunt quos sollicitat laudis malesana cupido,
 Tantalicos quosdam copia nulla beat.
 Ut sitis hydropes, miseros sic dirus habendi
 Torquet amor, plenus plus cupit ipse Midas.
 Non me divitiæ, non turpis vexat egestas ;
 Quod satis est, epulas, sartaque festa tulit.
 Non mihi mos odium simulato condere vultu,
 Nec proceres blanda subdolos arte colo.
 Sors media est cordi, medios laudoque proboque,
 Queis neque summa nimis, nec nimis ima placent.
 Hic status arridet ; nihil hoc præstantius opto ;
 Inscia mens culpæ, quæ neque plura cupit.

IDEM.

NIL me dolosi Numinis movent vices,
 Seu fronte læta, torva seu tuens, petat;
 Parum trahunt terrena me dulcedine;
 Nil apparatus regium, aut pompam, moror;
 Non mente vanas rerum imagines struo;
 Fortuna quod donavit id satis facit.
 Non me tonantis ætheris metus quatit,
 Nec Martis horror ingruentis enecat;
 Invasit aures fama labentis poli?
 Flammansve visa stella? nil me territat.
 Immoti damnum mens lucrumve prospicit,
 Nec livor angit, nec superbia efferor.
 Sunt quos honorum semper incitat sitis,
 Dira laborant Tantali quidam fame;
 Hydropicam auri vix leves cupidinem,
 Desiderantem plura cerno vel Midam;
 Nec deficit crumena, nec superfluit:
 Dapes opimæ, quod satis; regum est honos.
 Amore nolo prosequi quos oderim;
 Non ego potentum gratiam venor dolo;
 Cultu modestos laude dignandos puto,
 Queis sors nec eminere, nec nimis premi:
 Hæc una res oblectat, hæc mire placet,
 Mens æqua; vitæ sanctitas; puræ manus.

PSALM CXXXIX. 6—11.

WHITHER shall I go then from Thy Spirit : or whither
shall I go then from Thy presence ?

If I climb up into heaven, Thou art there : if I go down
to hell, Thou art there also.

If I take the wings of the morning : and remain in the
uttermost parts of the sea ;

Even there also shall Thy hand lead me : and Thy right
hand shall hold me.

If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me :
then shall my night be turned to day.

Yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the
night is as clear as the day : the darkness and light to
Thee are both alike.

QUOMODO te fugiam ? quorsum vestigia tendam ?
Præsens quem sequitur Spiritus usque tuus.

Si pede sublimi cœlos conscendere nitar,

En ! vigilans adstas, tartara sive petam.

Sumptis Auroræ pennis, longinqua profundi

Si penetrem latitans, me tua dextra tenet.

Mox mihi si videar forsán caligine septus,

En jubar affulsit, lux vice noctis adest.

Namque alio noctis tenebræ tibi nomine cedunt,

Quippe dies tibi nox, nox itidemque dies.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BY HENRY KING.

(1591—1669.)

L IKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood ;
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
The dew dries up ; the star is shot ;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

DELAPSA stella fertur ut per æthera,
 Jovisve findit ales in cœlo viam;
 Ut vere qui splendescit in pratis honos,
 Seu mane campis ros micans argenteus;
 Ceu ventus afflatu lacus exasperans,
 Aut bulla quæ liquore summo stat tremens;
 Sic homine fit, cui mutuata lux data est,
 Atque ingruente nocte cito reposcitur.
 Resedit aura; bulla se resolverit;
 Jacet sepultum ver in autumnî sinu;
 Siccatus est ros; stella lapsa evanuit;
 Fuit volatus—cessit et in auras homo.

IDEM.

STELLA reſixa velut de cæli labitur arce,
 Præpetibusve ales veluti ſecat æthera pennis,
 Ceu, queis vere novo ſplendescunt prata, colores,
 Quive micat tenera ros mane argenteus herba,
 Aurave quæ crepitans tumidas exasperat undas,
 Aut quæ lympharum ſummo ſtetit æquore bulla,
 Sic homini ſors eſt; cui lux aliena tributa,
 Quæ revocanda ſtatim eſt, ſolvendaque noctis ad horam.
 Concidit aura cito, collapsaque bulla liquescit,
 Autumni gremio eſt veris tumultata venuſtas;
 Ros perit, et tenues jam ſtella reſceſſit in auras;
 Præteriit volucris; fit homo quid? nominis umbra.

IDEM.

QUALIS de supero stella ruit polo,
Alesve aerium findit iter Jovis,
Aut veris species læta coloribus,
Seu mane irriguo gramine ros micans,
Vel quæ stat tremulis bulla liquoribus,
Seu ventus faciem fluminis asperans,
Talis sors homini; cui data non sua
Lux: ortis tenebris, creditor exigit.
Venti vis cecidit; bulla resolvitur;
Autumni in tumultu ver nitidum jacet;
Ros jam deliquit; stella ruens cadit;
Fugit penna volans; vanuit en homo!

THE HAPPY MAN.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

(1631—1700.)

CONTENT with poverty my soul I arm,
 And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
 What is't to me,
 Who never sail on fortune's faithless sea
 If storms arise and clouds grow black,
 If the mast split and threaten wreck?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain,
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, secure of fortune's blows;
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering roar;
 And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding creek,
 And see the storm ashore.

TUTELA mentis pauperies mea ;
 Pannosa Virtus frigora depulit ;
 Immotus horrentes tenebras,
 Impavidus speculor procellam.
 Quid si carinæ dissiliant trabes,
 Fissove malo saucia sit ratis ?
 Fortuna nequiquam lacescit,
 Nil mihi cum pelago dolosæ.
 Ingens avarum tum metus ingruat,
 Cui fraude partas divitias vehit
 Puppis reluctantes per undas
 Bella Noto fera conserentes.
 Divæ procacis nil quatiunt minæ,
 Quidquid minetur non rapiet mea ;*
 Me lintre currentem frementis
 Nulla movet facies pericli.
 Crebescit Auster, transilio vada ;
 Signant faventes Tyndaridæ viam ;
 Jam sospes ex oræ recessu
 Prospicio rabidos tumultus.

* Compare, as a salutary hint to parents and instructors, the following dictum of Aristippus, quoted by Vitruvius Pollio in the Preface to his 6th Book 'de Architectura': "Ejusmodi possessiones et viatica liberis oportere parari, quæ etiam e *naufragio* una possent enatare." 'Namque ea vera præsidia sunt vitæ, quibus neque fortunæ tempestas iniqua, neque publicarum rerum mutatio, neque belli vastatio potest nocere.'" Cf. also the trite 'omnia *mea*' of Bias.

ODE TO PEACE.

BY WM. COWPER.

(1731—1800.)

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest !
 Return, and make thy downy nest
 Once more in this sad heart.
 Nor riches I, nor power pursue,
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;
 We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell if not with me,
 From avarice and ambition free,
 And pleasure's fatal wiles ?
 For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare
 The sweets that I was wont to share,
 The banquet of thy smiles ?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
 The heaven that thou alone canst make ?
 And wilt thou quit the stream
 That murmurs thro' the dewy mead,
 The grove and the sequestered shade,
 To be a guest with them ?

HOSPITA huc adsis mihi, Pax, benigna
 Jam redux; molli posito cubili
 Pectus hoc mæstum colito, cubansque
 Tecta foveto.

Nil moror gazas, procerumve sortem,
 Nec voluptates vetitas sequendo
 Te procul pellam: maneat rogata,
 Semper et adsis.

Has tibi sedes vacuas inibis;
 Nulla me torquet sitis aut honorum,
 Aut fames auri, laqueis nec ulla
 Dira cupido

Me tenet. Cuinam struis apparatus
 Suavium, et quidquid dapis aut leporum
 Tu mihi tecum dare perfruendum
 Blanda solebas?

Purpura insignes choreisque lætos
 Tu tui cæli facies iniqua
 Compotes? sordent tibi defluentis
 Murmura rivi,

Rosidi campi, nemorisque opacum
 Frigus, et saltus strepitu carentes?
 His et omissis, inimica tunc
 Tecta subibis?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,
For thee I gladly sacrificed
 Whate'er I loved before ;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
 Farewell, we meet no more?

Te siti flagrans animus cupivit;
Ceteris spretis, tibi me dicavi;
Quod prius carum, volui protervis
Tradere ventis.

Et fuga pennas quatiens abibis?
Consilique expers oculis requiram?
Angat et pectus tua vox suprema
“Vive” jubentis?

IDEM.

ADSIS, grata Quies, hospita amabilis !
 Sedes has repetens, molliter et cubans,
 Nido composito, mæstitiam procul
 Nostro pectore pellito.

Non gazis inhio ; nulla fames opum
 Has ædes placidas turbat ; honoribus
 Aversus vetitas res animus fugit ;
 Hos ergo foveas lares.

Ni mecum maneat, dic ubi gentium
 Expers tristitiæ degere tu queas ?
 Nec nummos cupio, gloria nec movet,
 Pravis illecebris vaco.

Cuinam, væ mihi, tu delicias struis
 Quarum me fieri participem fuit
 Gratum olim tibi ? cui suavia lautaque
 Quæ vultus tuus apparat ?

Eheu, quem procerum purpureus nitor,
 Aut quem festa juvant et strepitus lyræ,
 Cœli muneribus tu decoras tui?
 Flumen linquere vis loquax

Quod per prata fugit rore madentia?
 Secreti nemoris frigus amabile?
 Junctoque hospitio, te socium his dare,
 Præter tu solitum levis?

Ingens me cupidum cepit amor tui;
 Te semper colui, dulce decus meum;
 Sic te præposui, ut quod fuit antea
 Carum, vile putaverim.

Et desideriis percitus irritis
 Exspes aspiciam tollere te fuga
 Pennas? hanc et inops excipiam auribus
 Vocem "vive, vale tibi."

THE DIRGE.

BY HENRY KING.

(1591—1669.)

WHAT is the existence of man's life
 But open war, or slumbered strife?
 Where sickness to his sense presents
 The combat of the elements,
 And never feels a perfect peace
 Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
 And each loose passion of the mind
 Is like a furious gust of wind
 Which beats his bark with many a wave
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds and grows,
 And withers as the leaves disclose,
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep
 Like fits of waking before sleep;
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould
 Where its first being was enrolled.

SORS hæc miserrima cecidit mortalibus !
 Litem aut aperte concitant aut clam foveant :
 Quos et lacessit ictibus crebris dolor,
 Velut procella vexat ætheris plagas ;
 Ægris et ante nil datum est levaminis
 Quam vincla mors frigente solverit manu.

Qualis procella vita : sanguis æstuans
 Insanientis impetum vincit freti,
 Raptimque mens jactata motibus suis
 Huc fertur illuc, ceu notis furentibus ;
 Actæque multis fluctibus lintri salis
 Anchora quietem jacta in inferis parat.

Floris venustas vita ; quæ gemmis nitet,
 Frondisque fetu læta marcescit cito :
 Cui veris autumnique tempestas brevis,
 Primis ut horis noctis incerta est quies ;
 Tum pressa fatis asperis solum petit
 Nascentis ævi quo jacent cunabula.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
 Is moralised in age and youth ;
 Where all the comforts he can share,
 As wandering as his fancies are ;
 Till in a mist of dark decay
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
 The sunset as it moves about ;
 And shadows out in lines of night,
 The subtle stages of time's flight ;
 Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
 His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
 Which doth short joys, long woes, include ;
 The world the stage, the prologue tears ;
 The acts vain hope, and vainer fears ;
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
 And leaves no epilogue but death.

Ut dormienti somnium, vita est : pari
 Ludunt inanes rerum imagines modo :
 Amœnitatis quidquid afferat seni
 Puerove, mentis error ut, fuit vagum ;
 Tum mersus atræ tabis in caligine,
 Immistus auris, somnians evanuit.

Gnomon ut horas, vita sic solis vices
 Signat cadentis, lineis et indicat
 Labentis ævi subdolo fugam pede :
 Tellus at obscurante pallio, tegit
 Quo cuncta, corpus sic in æternum premit !—
 —Actus ut inter fabulæ fastidia

Fert lusus olim, vita sic interserit
 Momenta suavitatis, at luctus dies :
 Cui scena, mundus ; prologus heu ! madens gena :
 Actus, inanes spes metusque discolor :
 Efflata finem ponit anima fabulæ,
 Nil et relictum est homini agendum ni mori.

IDEM.

QUÆNAM sors homini data est?
 Rixas clamve palamve assiduas gerit :
 Morbi, dira cohors, feram
 Dant ægris speciem turbinis asperi,
 Nec certa est requies prius
 Quam vindex digito mors gelido tulit.

Ut cæli rabies, homo :
 Æstus sanguineus vi superat fretum :
 Est et par Boreæ furor
 Qui sævis animum motibus incitat ;
 Multo deinde ratem salo
 Jactatam in tumultu destinat anchora !

Ut floris species, homo :
 Gemmas exseruit, tum cito deperit :
 Cui, somnus veluti vigil,
 Ætas prima brevis, fluxaque senior :
 Tum sors asperior premit :
 Quo primum satus est decedit in solum !

Ut noctis simulacrum, homo :
 Illudunt species et juvenem et senem :
 Quidquid contigerit boni,
 Mentis ficta velut, diffugit evagans.
 Atræ tum nebulæ lues
 Vanum surripuit vanaque somnia !

Ut solis varias vices
 Gnomon occidui, sic homo mobili
 Cursu temporis indicat
 Lapsum seu tacitum, seu celerem fugam :
 Umbris cuncta tegens humus
 Corpus mox operit perpetuis suis !

Ut lusus piget et joci,
 Inter si positi sint mora fabulæ,
 Lasso sic homini cadunt
 Raræ deliciæ, continuus dolor.
 Plorans ingreditur, modo
 Spes vanas peragit, sæpe metus leves,
 Partes mors agit ultimas,
 Actum est : exit homo : spiritus evolat.

[In the prior translation, 'varied' having been misread or misremembered for 'vainer', 'inanior' should occupy the place of 'discolor.']

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS.

BY HERRICK.

(1591—1660.)

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower which smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, goe marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 Ye may for ever tarry.

CARPITE, dum liceat, roseos jam carpite flores,
 Præterit Hora, fugax præterit usque Dies :
 Qui tibi flos ridens hodierna luce nitescit,
 Languidus ac moriens cras miserandus erit ;

Scilicet et cæli cum sol conscenderit arces,
 Et face jam terras terricolasque foveat,
 Oceani gremio properans sibi tinguere currum,
 Cœperit ad metas flectere pronus iter.

Optima quæ primis ætas tibi cesserit annis,
 Sanguine cum calido vivida corda tument ;
 His autem exactis, pejora prioribus instant
 Tempora, deinde sequi deteriora solent.

Ergo age, pone metum, cunctanti fugerit hora,
 Nec pudeat sponsam te dare, nymphea, viro.
 Heia age, carpe diem, si prima effluxerit ætas,
 Per longos annos heu ! mora tarda subest.

LO! AT THE COUCH.

CAMPBELL. (From Vol. II. of *Selections*.)

LO! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy:
 "Sleep, image of thy father! sleep, my boy!
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine,
 Bright, as his manly sire, the son shall be
 In form and soul; but, ah, more blest than he!
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last
 Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past;
 With many a smile my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away."

EN, ubi strata cubat pueri tranquilla venustas,
 Excubias tristes sedula mater agit !
 Hæc, dum pulchra jacet, nec conscia, forma tenelli,
 Lumine defixo leniter ore micat,
 Flebilis et voces læto sic carmine textit :
 “Carpe leves somnos, patris imago, puer !
 Nulla tibi luctus diuturna supervenit hora,
 Nec, mea qui lacerat corda patrisque, dolor.
 Ut genitor, sic natus erit, clarusque virili
 Ingenio ac forma ; sors genitoris abest.
 A, tua tum virtus, tua tum præconia laudis,
 Tum pietas, illi dulce levamen erunt !
 Secretoque meo risus angore rependens
 Ut careant facies dicta maligna fide.”

THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

ADDISON. (1672—1719.)

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noonday walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O God, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wiles I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

IPSE Gubernator cæli mihi pascua præbet ;
 Pastor oves veluti, me foveat ipse Deus.
 Si quidquam deerit, præsens mihi cuncta parabit,
 Prospiciens oculis servat ubique viam ;
 Ille mihi præsto cum sol accenderit æstus,
 Pervigil et somno membra sepulta tegit.

Arida cum tellus fessos exceperit artus,
 Montibus aut siccis angit anhela sitis,
 Lætas ad valles et rore madentia prata,
 Dirigit ille vagos prosequiturque pedes ;
 Mollia qua lento labuntur flumina cursu,
 Irriguis et aquis pascua læta virent.

Sit calcanda licet diræ mihi semita mortis,
 Consita sollicitis terrificisque malis,
 Nil metuam : triplex circum præcordia robur,
 Nam, Deus omnipotens, tu mihi semper ades :
 Lethifera baculo me sustentabis in umbra,
 Nempe pedo duces subsidiumque dabis.

Tramite saxoso per inhospita tesqua pererrans
 Devia si tendam per loca solus iter,
 Languentem reficit tua dextra, levatque dolorem ;
 Qui fuit infelix, gramine ridet ager.
 En ! campi subito steriles ornantur amictu,
 Murmurat et læto plurima lympha sono.

AXETAΣ ΤΗΝΟΔΟΤΑΝ ΤΜΝΟΝ.

A Soliloquy (composed, probably, in bed) on the advantages of early rising.

QUOT sum lucratus quantaque commoda,
 Morpheu, repulsis illecebris tuis !
 Nec membra languescunt sopore,
 Nec mihi mens hebetata torpet.

Frustra soluto compede qua tenes
 Durus virorum pectora mollia,
 Tu nectis exsomnia catenas,
 Pervigil insidias cavebo.

En ! voce quamvis blandiloqua vocet
 Sævus tyrannus, surdior audiam
 Quam saxa Neptuni minacis
 Murmura, vel strepitum procellæ.

Exsurge, demens ! excute vincula !
 Ne voce Siren improba fascinet,
 Sensusque Letheis resolvat
 Roribus, irriguoque somno.

Eoa cuinam tempora dedicem?
 Horas receptas quis sibi vindicat?
 Fons lucis, atque auctor diei,
 Primitiæ tibi consecrentur!

Tu nam benignis accipis auribus
 Effusa pleno cum resonat choro
 Jam totus orbis, cum canoros
 Alituum genus ore fundit

Cantus, et auræ cum tremulum melos
 Lætis jocosæ frondibus excitant,
 Cæloque detergens tenebras
 Sol properat renovare cursum.

Cantare gaudent artificis sui
 Jam cuncta laudes, pandere flosculos
 Flos gestit omnis, jamque alaudæ
 Carminibus feriunt Olympum.

Exsurge, demens! insere te choro!
 Ne manca desit pars tua cantibus,
 Accinge mentem qua Supremum
 Laudibus et precibus fatiges.

(With what, or whether with any lasting, result, does not appear:
cetera desunt.)

ΣΚΟΠΤΙΚΑ.

CALENDIS APRILIBUS.

DICTATION LESSON FOR THE 1ST OF APRIL.

(In retaliation of attempts made by the youngsters to impose on the credulity of their Dominie.)

IN the language of ancient Italy, poets were distinguished by the appellation of '*Bardi*,' as appears from the following passage of Propertius :

Hæc ego qui scribo '*barði*' cognomine lætor,
Si malis '*tardum*' me quoque jure voces.

The following was submitted after a suggestion had been started as to the fitness of the Class to begin Homer.

Ἦτοι ἴγὼ πολέας τε νέους πολέας τε γέροντας
 Ἔγνωκ' οἷ μάλ' αἰδρίες ἤδ' ἀγνώμονες εἰσίν,
 Ἀλλ' ἀγνωμοσύνη πολλῷ καθυπέρτερος οὔτος
 Ὃς γ' ἐμ' ἀβέλτερον ὧδε γράφων τόδ' ἄρ' οὐ ξυνεῆκα.
 Ἦ που καγχαλάωσιν ὄνοι, καὶ νώθεις ἄλλοι,
 Εἴ κε δόλφ ληφθέντος ἐμεῦ γε πυθοίατο, παῖδες.

TRANSLATION.

VERILY I know many both old and young who are ignorant and stupid, but by far the stupidest of all is the one now in the act of writing himself down a dolt without being conscious of what he is doing. Donkeys and other dull boys, methinks, will laugh outright if they happen to hear of a fellow like me being thus befooled.

The following was given out after exhibiting and explaining* the illusion produced by applying the tips of the fore-fingers, laid one over the other, to the nasal extremity. The probability was suggested that Ovidius Naso was not unacquainted with the phenomenon, and it was proposed to test the fitness of the class for commencing the study of this author by requiring them to write down and translate the following lines purporting to be a quotation from his works.

NASO digitis modo transversis, modo solutis, nasum
pertractans, ita secum loquitur :

“Ancipiti Jano nasus fuit unus et alter ;
Nil mihi cum Jano, nasus at alter adest !
Vere novo, turget gemmis et pullulat arbos,
Vere novo, forsán naribus ora tument.
Pol geminos sensi, mecastor deficit unus,
En redit ! heu ‘morus’ nonne vocandus ego.”

* See Prof. Huxley's *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*, p. 246.

TRANSLATION.

BY A QUONDAM SCHOLAR.

'TIS said that Ovid once did take
 His nose between his fingers crossed,
 And then discovered he could make
 Two noses out of one ; uncrossed,
 But one was felt ;—"Hard is my case ;
 Janus' two heads had each a nose,
 While I with but a single face
 Two noses on that face expose.
 In spring the trees put forth their shoots,
 They bud and sprout, towards Heaven they reach,
 Perhaps in spring my face refutes
 The common rule, a nose to each.
 By Pollux, two just now I seized ;—
 By Castor, one's already gone ;—
 See ! it's returned !—shall I be pleased
 As 'Simple Simon' to be known?"

RIDGWAY LLOYD.

CALENDIS MAIIS.

SALVETE, festis deliciis sacræ,
 Maiæ Calendæ ! reddite carmina,
 Ludosque sollemnes choreis
 Et crotali sonitu strepentes.

Tu, Flora, salve et progenies tua,
 Salvete coetus certa gerentium,
 Virgæque fulgentes corollis
 Omnigeno variis colore.

Anni juvenas et nitidum decus,
 Salve, recurrens perpetua vice,
 Salvete ridentes agelli
 Floribus, et Zephyri tepentes.

Cum prisca veris temperies novo
 Illuxit orbi, primumque sæcula
 Fulserunt flamenti metallo,
 Floruit et sine lege virtus,

Forsan beatas mulsit et insulas
 Talis Favoni perpetuus tepor,
 Campis et afflavit senecta
 Difficili vacuisque luctu :

Fors et silentum per nemus inferum
 Tali susurrat murmure spiritus,
 Undasque Letheas pererrans
 Funereas agit cupressos.

An non, supremis cum Deus ignibus
 Lustrabit orbem progeniem et novam
 Demittet a cælis, eodem
 Terricolas recreabit afflans?

Salvete ruris quidquid amœnitas
 Affert, et omnis copia suavium,
 Arbusta, frondescens et arbos
 Somnifero resonans susurro.

Salvete campi, prataque rosida,
 Herbæ cubantes gramineis toris,
 Nidosque fingentes volucres,
 Et pecudum suboles tenella.

Salve venustas cærulei poli,
 Salve beati gloria sæculi,
 Ævique priscorum virorum et
 Mox venientis imago vera.

ΨΩΜΙΑ ΒΡΕΦΕΣΙ.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

OLD Mother Hubbard
 Went to the cupboard,
 To give her poor dog a bone ;
 But when she came there
 The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.
 She went to the baker's
 To buy him some bread,
 And when she came back
 Poor doggy was dead.
 She went to the joiner's
 To buy him a coffin,
 And when she came back
 The dog was a-laughing.
 She took a clean dish
 To get him some tripe,
 And when she came back
 He was smoking a pipe.
 She went to the ale-house
 To get him some beer,
 And when she came back
 Doggy sat in a chair.
 She went to the tavern
 For white wine and red,
 And when she came back
 The dog stood on his head.

Translations from HALLIWELL'S Nursery Rhymes.

CAPSAM scrutata est Hubbardia, sedula mater,
 Ut catulo tenui quæreret ossa suo :
 Nil ibi comparet ; capsam deprendit inanem ;
 Quo fit uti caro nulla sit esca cani.
 Protinus hinc properans se fert pistoris ad ædes,
 Ut catulo panem comparet inde suo :
 Ast ubi nacta cibum retro vestigia torsit,
 Abstulerat carum mors truculenta canem !
 Ad fabri mærens se contulit inde tabernam,
 Mercatura arcam qua tegetetur humo.
 Ocius inde domum rediit mærore gravata,
 Multiplici risu concutit ille genas !
 Attonita est ; tamen it properans ad omasa petenda ;
 Fœda quidem, at pura provida lance tulit.
 Mox regressa domum, quid tum perterrita vidit ?
 Fumificam cannam callidus ore gerit !
 Pisciculum quærit, quæsitamque apparat escam,
 Apparat, at patinam sedulus ore lavat !
 It Cereris potum quærens cauponis ad ædes,
 In sella reduci conspiciendus erat !

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.
She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.
She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit.
And when she came back
He was playing the flute.
She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back
He was riding a goat.
She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back
He was reading the news.
She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
And when she came back
The dog was a-spinning.
She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
And when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.
The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said "Your servant,"
The dog said "Bow, wow."

Vinum album rubrumque petit, repetitque tabernam ;
Mox redit, inque caput sistitur ecce canis !
Pileolum quærit, quæsito deinde potita
Mox redit, et feli porrigit ille cibum !
Tonsorem petiit, capiti velamina quærens,
Mox redit, et saltans en ! pede pulsat humum.
Pomia petit ; tum parta ferens nova monstra stupebat,
Inflatis calamis, fundit ab ore melos !
Sartorem petiit, tunicam partura catello ;
Mox redit, et capro vectus inibat iter !
Calceolos quærit ; secum mercata reportat ;
Ecce canis sollers acta diurna legit !
Textricem petiit linum partura ; reversa est ;
Pollice deducit mollia fila colo !
Vestimenta petit ; propere mercata revertit,
Et sua jam catulus tegmina cinctus erat !
Femina se curvat, catulus caput ipse vicissim,
“Sum tua,” mater ait ; bis boat inde canis.

OLD WOMAN.

THERE was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children,
She didn't know what to do ;
She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
She whipped them all round,
And sent them to bed.

HEIGH ! DIDDLE, DIDDLE.

HEIGH ! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed
To see the sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

PETER WHITE.

PPETER WHITE will ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry.

IN solea constat vetulam posuisse penates :
 Natorum numerus tædia multa tulit :
 Apposuit jus ; nec panem dedit insuper ullum ;
 Verberat, inque torum se dare quemque jubet.

ME Fidius, Fidius, strepitus qui personat aures ?
 Heus, fidibus felis quæ fremebunda canit !
 Attate, bos simplex subito velut icta furore
 Mirifico saltu gestit ad astra poli !
 Tollit et admirans catulus simul ore cachinnos,
 Protinus et sequitur lanx cochleare fuga.

CANDIDUS ille Petrus nescit procedere recta !
 Naribus obliquis dirigit, ecce, viam !

JACK AND JILL.

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

The following addition appears in other Collections.

Up Jack got, and home did trot
As fast as he could caper,
Dame Gill had the job to plaister his nob
With vinegar and brown paper.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I !"

JACKIUS ascendit collem ; comitem se præbet amata
 Gilla ; petit situlam desilientis aquæ.
 Jackius it præceps titubans et tempora fregit,
 Subsequiturque virum, nec mora, Gilla suum.

Jackius erigitur pedibus repetitque Penates,
 Viribus et summis corripit ille gradum :
 Gilla parat chartam subfuscâ et tinguunt aceto,
 Dein capiti imponit, sedula sponsa, viri.

SEdit in angululo puer Hornerus ille pusillus,
 Utque juvat pueros versat in ore cibum.
 *(Quadra fuit, prunis et secta carne referta,
 Quo genere est hyemis mos celebrare dies.)
 Inseruit digitum, adducto tum pollice prunum
 Promit, et exultans, En homo bellus ! ait.

* The primitive and orthodox shape of the mince-pie is oblong, to represent the manger at Bethlehem.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

HUMPTY Dumpty sate on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Threescore men and threescore more
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

OLD KING COLE.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
O there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

HUMPTIUS in muro sedit, qui Dumptius idem,
 Dumptius at nescit se retinere loco.

Humptius est lapsus, frustra reponere certant
 Millia regis equum, millia multa virum.

INGENIUM lepidum Carbo Rex priscus habebat,
 Ingenium priscum, priscus et ipse fuit.

Fumificam jussit cannam cyathumque parari,
 Qui canerent fidibus, tres et adesse viros.

Ipsae fides manibus proprias vir quisque tenebat,
 Et fidibus bellis perstrepuere viri.

Quidquid ubique hominum claret, supereminet omnes
 Carbo Rex priscus, cui chorus ille triplex.

EPILOGUS.

HIS Ego confectis, nugas et ludicra pono,
Seria quo ducant, sit mihi cura sequi.
Nil me pœniteat vestrum luisse magistrum,
Nec vobis obsint seria mista joci;
Mens, pariterque arcus, nimium contenta rigescit,
Fit levior risu decipiturque labor.
Hoc tantum monitus, puer, imo in pectore condas:
Ne tu sacra jocos, nec joca sacra putes.



